
Title: The Bells

Author: Edgar Allan Poe

I

Hear the sledges with
the bells--Silver bells!
What a world of
merriment their melody
foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle,
tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that
oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to
twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time,time,time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation
that so musically wells
From the bells,bells,bells,
Bells, bells, bells, bells--
From the jingling and the
tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow
wedding bells--
Golden bells!
What a world of
happiness their harmony
foretells!
Through the balmy air
of night
How they ring out their
delight!--
From the molten-golden
notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtledove that
listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
What a gush of euphony
voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future!--how it
tells
Of the rapture that

impels
To the swinging and the
ringing
Of the bells,bells,bells--
Of the bells, bells, bells,
bells, bells, bells, bells--
To the rhyiming and the
chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum
bells--

Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror,
now, their turbulency
tells!

In the startled ear of
night

How they scream out
their affright!

Too much horrified to
speak,

They can only shriek,
shriek,

Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing
to the mercy of the
fire,

In a mad expostulation
with the deaf and frantic
fire,

Leaping higher, higher,
higher,

With a desperate desire,
Now--now to sit, or
never,

By the side of the pale-
faced moon.

Oh the bells,bells,bells!
What a tale their terror
tells

Of Despair!

How they clang, and clash,
and roar!

What a horror they
outpour

On the bosom of the
palpitating air!

Yet the ear, it fully
knows,

By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and
flows:

Yet the ear distinctly
tells,

In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and

swells,
By the sinking or the
swelling in the anger of
the bells--
Of the bells--
Of the bells,bells,bells,
bells,
Bells, bells, bells--
In the clamor and the
clanging of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the
bells--

Iron bells!
What a world of solemn
thought their monody
compels!

In the silence of the
night

How we shiver with
affright

At the melencholy
menace of their tone!

For every sound that
floats

From the rust within
their throats

Is a groan.

And the people--ah, the
people--

They that dwell up in
the steeple,

All alone,
And who tolling, tolling,
tolling,

In that muffled
monotone,

Feel a glory in so
rolling

On the human heart
a stone--

They are neither man nor
woman--

They are neither brute
nor human--

They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who
tolls:

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls

A paeon from the bells!
And his merry bosom
swells